



THE ANATOMIE OF FORTVNE.

*Wherein is discoursed by a pithie and pleasant discourse,
that the highest state of prosperitie, is oft times the first
step to mishap, and that to stay vpon Fortunes lot,
is to treade on brittle glasse.*

Wherein also Gentlemen may finde pleasant conceits to
purge melancholie, and perfect counsell to
preuent misfortune.

By Robert Greene Master of Arte.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.



AT LONDON,

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1594.

To the right Honorable and vertuous Ladie,
the Ladie Marie Talbot wife to the right Honorable Gilbert
Lord Talbot: Robert Greene wisheth increase of honor & vertue.



YRON that unskilfull Painter of Greece
never drew any picture, but the counterfaste of
Iupiter: saying, that if it were ill wrought, his
worthinesse should countenance out the meane-
nesse of his worke, if well, commend the perfe-
ction of his Arte.

In like maner fareth it with me (right Honorable) who ha-
ving unskilfully shadowed with bad colours, the counterfaste of
Fortune, presume boldly to shrowd it under your Ladships patro-
nage, as able to defend it, be it never so meane, and to countenance
it, were it never so good, being of Decius minde, who thought him
selfe safe under the shield of Caesar.

Poore Irus comming into the Temple of Pallas, seeing her
pourtrayed with a speare in the one hand, and a booke in the o-
ther, noting thereby as well her inward vertue, as her outward
valor: sayd, despisefull pouertie, thou shalt not keepe me from bo-
rowing Pallas, though from giuing her presents.

So hearing of your Ladships exquisite perfection, as well in
outward shape, as in vertuous qualities, drawn with a deepe desire
to shew what a dutifull affection I owe to such noble and vertuous
personages: although want sought to hinder my wil, yet I thought
rather to fault in the defect of abilitie, then not to shew in effect
the forwardnesse of my desire, which wishing to bring faorth a
Mountaine, haue scarce performed a Mole-hill, and willing to
shew your Honor Alexanders Picture, is farre unable to present
you with Agrippas shadowes.

But I hope your Ladship will deale with me as Cæsar did
with his young Souldiers, who accepted of their seruice, not onely
when they performed what they should, but when they practised
what they could. Thus resting assured of your Ladships curtesie,
praying continually for the increase of your honor, with all things
that you would wish or imagin, I end.

Your Ladships most dutifull to
command, Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers
health.



Alexander, whether wearied with *Bucephalus* pace, or desirous of nouelties, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode on a time on *Euphestions* horse, for which being reprehended by one of his Captains, he made him this answer: Though all (quoth he) cannot haue *Bucephalus* courage, yet this is a horse.

So Gentlemen, if some too curious carpe at your courtesie, that vouchsafe to take a viewe of this vnperfect Pamphlet, I hope you will answer, though it be not excellent, yet it is a booke: being herein of *Augustus* mind, who being demanded why he read *Ennius* and not *Virgill*, answered: why quoth he is not *Ennius* also a Poet? Though none but *Apelles* was famous for his Arte, yet others were counted Painters. All might not wash with *Homer*, yet diuersedipt their fingers in his Bason. Iaffoord not Gentlemen what I would, but what I can, trusting so you wil think of me, and accept of my worke. And in this hope I rest.

(*)

Yours to vse,

Robert Greene.



ARBASTO, THE ANATOMIE OF FORTVNE.



Sypling towards Candie. after that I had long time bene tossed with infortunnat tempests, forced by wind and wane, our course not well guided by our compasse, happily arrived at the Citie of Sydon, where being set on shoze, I straight with my companions went to offer incense to the goddessse of prosperitie, which the Citizens call Astarte. Whither being come, my devotion done, and my oblations offered up, desirous to take a biew of the ancient Monuments of the Temple, I passed through manie places, where most sumptuous sepulchers were erected: which being scene, as I thought to have gone to my lodging, I spied a Cell, having the doze open: where, into as I enired, I saw an Archflamin sitting (as I supposed) at his Orizons, for so was the Priest of the Goddessse termed, who being clothed in white Sattin Robes, and crowned with a Diademe of perfect gold, leaned his head upon his right hand, pouring forth streames of watrish teares, as outward signes of some inward passions, and held in his left hand the counterfaite of Fortune, with one foot trode upon a Polype fish, and with the other on a Camelion, as assured badges of her certaine mutabilitie. Driven into a dumpe with the sight of this strange devise, as I long gazed at the vnaacquainted gesture of this old flamin, willing to know both the cause of his care, and what the picture of Fortune did import, I was so bolde as to waken him out of his passion, with this parle.

Father (quoth I) if my presumption be great in preasing so rashly into so secret and sacred a place: yet I hope, weighing my will, you will somewhat excuse my boldnes, for I

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haue not presumed as thinking to giue any iust occasion of offence, but as a stranger, desirous to see the Monument of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, hapning by chance into this your Cell, and seeing your olde age perplexed with strange passions, stayed as one willing to learne what disaster hap hath driven you into these strange dumps, which if I without offence may request, and you without prejudice grant, I shall find my selfe by dutie bound to requite your undeserued curtesie.

After I had vttered these words, staying a good space to heare what the old man would answer, seeing he did not so much as vouchsafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. As I was readie to course him from his harbour with a deeper blast, I saw a present Metamorphosis of his mind: for from teares he fell to trifling, from lowring to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer casting his eyes from Fortunes counterfet, till at last after he had long smiled (as I thought) at the picture, he as in despite cast it from him, taking his Lute, played a dumpe, whereto he warbled out these words:

WHereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feard, I now despise
My victor once, my vassalle is,
My foe constrained, my weale supplier.
Thus do I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,
Not that I want, but that I haue,
My chance was change, yet still I stay,
I would haue lesse, and yet I craue:
Aye me poore wretch that thus do liue,
Constrained to take, yet forc't to giue.

She

of Fortune.

She whose delights are signes of death,
Who when she smiles begins to lowre.
Constant in this, that still she change,
Her sweetest gifts time proues but sowre.
I liue in care, crost with her guile,
Through her I weepe, at her I smile.

The old fire hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorrowful
bittie, I was driuen into a maze what the contrarie con-
tents of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his
eye aside, and seeing me stand so solemnly, he burst forth
into these cholericke termes.

Friend, quoth he (if I may so terme thee) thou hast ei-
ther not heard much, or learned verie little, either thy cur-
tesie is small, or thy conditions too currish, that seekest to
come to counsell before thou be called. If the secrecie of my
Cell, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance
with me, were not sufficient to holde thee from preasing so
nigh: yet seeing me thus solemnly perplexed, thou mightest
(so modestly sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowfull
passions. If it be the custome of thy Countrey to be so dis-
courteous, I like not the fruite of such a soyle: If thy owne
recklesse follie to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted
with such a bold guest: but whether it bee, as thou camest
in without my leaue, I wish thee to goe out by instant com-
mand.

He had no sooner vttered these words, but he was readie
to take vp the picture, if I had not hindered him with this
replie.

Sir (quoth I) where the offence is confessed, there y fault
is halfe pardoned, and those facts that are committed by ig-
norance, alwayes claime them pardons by course: I
graunt that I haue bene much too rash, but I repent, and
therefore hope you will take the lesse offence, and the sooner

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excuse my folly: faults committed by will, gaine oft times but a checke, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are entoynd by the will more than by the worke: and things done amisse, (sayth Tullie) euer ought to be measured by the intent, and not by the more action. Which considered, if my presence hath bene prejudiciall to your passions, I hope you will thinke I offended as a stranger, and will pardon me, as one sozie for so rash an enterprize.

The olde man verie attentiuely hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vp from his seat, made me this friendly answer.

Friend (quoth he) all is not gold that glitters, the smoothest talke hath oft times the smallest truth: the Sunne when it glisteth most bright, then breedeth the greatest shadowe: when the Boze layeth downe his bristles, then he meaneth to strike. The Painter casteth the fairest colour ouer the foulest wood, and Strangers flatterings are oft times but mere fallacions: yet whether thy talke be truth or tales: whether thou comest to note my passions as a spie, or hast by chance bit into my Cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuie me as a foe, I force thee not, in that I feare not the spite of Fortune: if thou muse at my sudden motions, as one desirous to be acquainted with my case, it shall little auayle thee to heare it, and be a great grieve for me to rehearse it.

Sir (quoth I) if my credit might be such as without desert to obtaine so much fauour: or if the prayer of a poore stranger might preuaile to perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your sudden passions, I should thinke my former trauels counteruailed with this your friendly curtesie.

It is good indeed (quoth he) by other mens harms to learne to beware: Phcebus had neuer bene so warie of Vulcane, if Mars his mishap had not bid him take heed. Vlysses had not
so

of Fortune.

so wisely eschewed Circes charms, if he had not sene before his felowes trans-formed, and perhaps the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing calamitie.

I haue been my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect vnto power: alate a mighty Potentate, and now constrained to liue vnder a seruite law: not contented ere while with a princelie Pallace, now sufficiently satisfied with a poore Cell, & yet this present want exceeds my wonted weale. I then had too much in penurie, and now I lacke in superfluitie, being cloyed with abondance, yet hauing nothing in that my minde remaineth satisfied. Fortune, yea Fortune in fauouring me, hath made me most infortunate. Hyphenlike hiding vnder musicke miserie, vnder pleasure paine, vnder mirth mourning, like the sugred Honicombe, which while a man toucheth he is stung with Bees. She presenteth faire shapes, which proue but fading shadowes, she profereth Mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promise, but the gaines of these golden Mines is losse & miserie. None rode on Seianus horse, which got not mishap. None toucht the gold of Tholossa, whom some disaster chaunce did not assaile: neither hath any been aduanced by fortune, which in time hath not been crossed with some haplesse calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray the Gods thou neuer try by proue: for he onelie is to be thought happie, whom the inconstant fauour of Fortune hath not made happie. The Picture which thou seest here, is the perfect counterfaite of her inconstant conditions, for she like to the Polype fish, turneth herselfe into the likenesse of euery object, and with the Camelion taketh her whole delight in change, being sure in nothing but in this, that she is not sure. Which inconstancie after I had knowne by too much proue, I began to arme my selfe against her guiles, and to count her fauning flatterie, and her frownes of no force, not to accept her as a friend, but to despise her as a foe, and in despite of her fained deitie, to oppose my selfe against her sickle power, which I haue found the greatest shield to shrowde me from her secret iniuries.

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I haue left my Pallace, and taken me to a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking only by this obscure life to please my selfe, and displease Fortune: whose picture when I see, I weepe that I was so fond, as to be subiect to such a seruile Dame, and I laugh, that at last I triumph both ouer mine owne affections, and ouer Fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, cease off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my griefe, and not thy gaine, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these words, perceiuing by his parle that he was a mightie Prince, I beganne with more reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I am sozie (quoth I) if sorrow might be amends for that which is amisse, that my hastie follie hath offended your highnesse: and that my poore presence hath bene preiudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may be repented, but not reclaimed, I hope your highnesse will pardon my unwitting wilfulnesse, and take Had I will for an excuse of so suddaine an offence, which graunted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hap, doeth make mee passe manners, in being importunate with your Maiestie, to heare the tragicall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me convenient leisure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen to inconstant Fortune.

Arbusto.

of Fortune.

Arbasto.



Still I warr wearie of my diademe, (quoth
he) I was king of the famous Countrey of
Denmarke, wherein, after Bosphorus decea-
sed, for so was my father called, I raigned
in happie prosperitie, comming to y^e Crown
at the age of one and twentie yeares, being
so honoured of my subiectes for my vertue, and so loued for
my curtesie, as I did not onely gaine the hearts of mine
owne Countreimen, but also win the good will of strangers.
I could not complaine of lacke, in that my greatest want
was store. I feared not the force of foraine foes, for I knew
none but were my faithfull friends. I doubted no mis-
fortune, for I could see no way for me to mishap: nay, if I had
bene wise, I might the more haue feared miserie, in that I
was so fully pampered vp with felicitie. But I poore wretch
was not daunted with any dread, because I saw no present
danger: I thought the sea being calme, there could come no
tempest: that from the cleere aire could ensue no storme,
that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that
where Fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer bee
found anie disoord.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasto, for so is my name,
and therfore infortunate in that thou art Arbasto, thou now
hast tried though by haplesse experience, that when Nilus fil-
leth vp his bounds, ensueth a dearth: when the Angelica is
laden with most sadde, then he dieth: when musicke was
heard in y^e Capitoll, then the Romanes were plagued with
pestilence: when Circes proffered most giftes, shee preten-
ded most guile, and that when Fortune hath depriued
thee of most care, then shee meanes to browne thee in the
greatest calamitie. For as thus I safely floated in the
Seas of securitie, and bathed in the streames of blisse,
Fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus

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to proffer the checke. I hauing but one onely brother called Tebaldo, whom forced by nature, I most entirely loued and liked, who sojourned in France, as one desirous to see the manners of strange countries, and to furnish himselfe with all qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman, I unhappily received newes, that he was cowardly without cause slaine in the French Court, which so appalled my senses, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against Fortune, in so much, that scorched with the flame of speedie reuenge, contrarie to the counsaile of my nobles, with a resolute mind, I determined to inuade France, and either to bring the whole realme to ruine, or else to hazard life and limme in the battell: well, no perswasion being able to daine me from this settled determination, I caused my Ships to be rigged, and with as much speede as might be, sayled into France with a great nauie, where I had no sooner landed my souldiers, but as a professed foe craving no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction, I burnt their borders, fired their forts, rased their Townes and Cities to the earth, using no inercie but this that hauing depriued them of their possessions, I also bereaued them of their liues. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his land (for so the French king was called) fearing that he was not able to withstand my force, seeing the Fortune so fauoured my enterprize, passed speedily with his whole host vnto Orleance, whither I hastened being not greatly resisted, laying valiantly a strong siege to the citie, which after I had diuers times assaulted, & had so shaken the walles with Cannon shot, that they were forced to strengthen them with new counter mures. Pelorus halfe daunted with my desperat attemptes, coueted secretly to conclude a peace: to colour therefore this his intent with a false shadow he speedily dispatched an Herald, to intreat a truce for three monethes, which being unhappily graunted, and therefore unhappily because graunted, it was lawfull for them of Denmarke peaceably to passe into the Cittie, and for them of Orleance quietly to come into our Campe. While thus the
truce

of Fortune.

truce continued, I being desirous to take a view of the French Court, accompanied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shew his martiall courage by vsing courtesie to his foe, gaue me very sumptuous and courteous entertainment. But alas, such desaster hap ensued of this my fond desire, that death had bin thise moze welcome then such endlesse distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the elde st called Myrania, the yongest named Doralicia, so sayre and well featured, as Venus would haue bene iealous if Adonis had liued to see their beauties. But especially louely Doralicia, and therefore moze louely, because I so entirely loued, was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and so adozned with moze then earthly perfectiō, as she seemed to be framed by nature to blemish nature, and y beauty had skipt beyond her skil, in framing a pcece of such curious woꝝkemanship, for that which in her (respecting her other perfections) was of no pꝛice, would be counted in others a pearle, her greatest want would in others be thought a stoze, so y if any thing lacked in her, it was not to be sought for in any earthly creature. This Doralicia, being appointed by vniust Fortune to be the instrument of my fall, accompanied with her sister Myrania and other Ladies came into the Chamber where her father and I was at parle, whose gorgeous pꝛesence so appaled my senses, that I stood astonished, as if with Perseus this to I had beene made a sencelesse picture, not knowing from whence this suddaine and vncertaine passion should pꝛoccede: yet this fond affection I felt to rule my fancie, that as the Doymouse can not shut his eyes as long as he lyeth in the beames of the Sun, as the Deare can not cease from bꝛaying where the herbe Moly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia, as long as her beautie was such an heavenly obiect. She narrowlie marking my gazing lookes, straight perceiued that I was galled, & therefore to shew how lightly she accounted of my liking, passed out of the Chamber with a coy and Courtlie countenance, but Myrania as one perceiuing and pittying

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my passions, seemed with her looks to say in hart, Arbasto, farewell.

These two Goddesses being gone, feeling my minde somewhat perplexed, I tooke my leaue of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home to my Tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I began to coniecture what should be the cause of these contrarie motions, the effect I felt, the occasion I could not find, applying therfore a contrary salve to my soze, it did rather increase, than cure the maladie, for compaignie was a cozsallue, not a comfort: thinking Musicke should be a p̄seruatiue, I founde it a popson: and to be solitarie, I found it the sinck of all sorrow: for then strange thoughts, vnacquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, and slumbering watchings, disquieted my head. We thought I saw the counterfaite of Doralicia before mine eyes, then the harmonie of her speech sounded in mine eares her looks, her gestures, yea, all her actions were particularly decippered by a secret imagination. Wrapped thus in a laberinth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppress wil, nor wisdom controll affection, but that wit (though inueagled) yet disdained the vse of a guide. I then cast my cardes, and found by manifest p̄oofe, that the lunatike fit which so distempered my bzaines, was that franticke passion which foles and Poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, that beautie should make me bend, I fel at last into these termes.

Why Arbasto (quoth I) art thou so squemish that thou canst not see Wine, but thou must surfet: canst thou not draw nre the fire and warme thee: but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thee: art thou so little master of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate: canst thou not passe thorough Paphos, but thou must offer incense to Venus: dost thou thinke it iniurie to Cupid to looke, if thou dost not loue: Ah fonde foole, know this, fire is to be vled, but not to be handled: the Baaran floure is to be worne in the hand, not chewed in
the

of Fortune.

the mouth: the precious Stone *Echites* is to be applied outwardly, and not to be taken inwardly: and beautie is made to fæde the eye, not to fetter the hart, wilt thou then swallow vp the baite which thou knowest to be bane? wilt thou hazard at that which can not be had without harme? no, stretch not too far, wade not too deepe, vse beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but tast not of the fruite, least thou find it too hard to be digested. Why, but beautie is a God, and will be obeyed: loue looketh to commaunde, not to be conquered: Iuno strove but once with Venus, and she was vanquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid, but he went by the troost, it is hard for thee with the Crabbe to swimme against the streame, or with the Salamander to strue against the fire, for in wassling with a fresh wound, thou shalt but make y^e soze more dangerous. Can beautie sende soules be resisted, which makes the Gods to bow? Loue himselfe yielded to the feature of Psyche, and thinkest thou thy fancie of greater force? yea but what fondnesse it that Arbasto to sooth thy selfe in thy folly? Thou didst come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a captiue? thy intent was to conquer, not to be vanquished, to fight with the Lannce, not to be foild with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy pen, to challenge Mars, not to dallye with Venus. How dost thou thinke to subdne France, which canst not rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quaille a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne mind? no, it will be hard for thee to go in triumph, which art no so much as Lord of thy selfe. But Arbasto, if thou wilt needes loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time, which thou mayst take vp at thy lust, and lay downe at thine owne pleasure. Loue, why Arbasto, dost thou dreame, whom shouldst thou loue? Doralicia? what thy foe? one that wisheth thy mishap, and partly prayeth to the Gods, for thy misfortune: no sure thou art not so fond.

And with that, as I vttered these words, such thoughts, such sighes, such sobes, such teares assailed me, as I was stricken dumbe with y^e extremitie of these hellish passions, scarce

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being able to draw my breath for a good space, till at last recovering my senses, I fell to my former sorrow in this sort.

Oes alas Arbasto, it is the lucklesse loue of Doralicia, and therefore the more lucklesse because thou lovest Doralicia, that hath thus enchanted thy affections. She is not thy friend whom thou mayst hope to get but thy foe, whom thou art sure not to gaine: for dost thou thinke she will requite thy merite with mæd, or repay thy loue with liking? no, she hateth thee Arbasto, as swozne Pelorus foe, and her enemye. Can she loue thee which seeketh her fathers life: nay, did she loue, yet could she thinke thou dost like, which layest siege to her Citie: no, vnlesse by loue she were blinded with too much loue. With then to fancie thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to peck against the Steele, subdue thy affections, be maister of thy mind, vse will as thy subiect, not as thy soueraigne, so mayst thou triumph and laugh at Cupid, saying: Fond boy I was in loue, what then.

I had no sooner sealed vp these secret meditations with a sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitarie I should fall into farther dumps, I went out of my Tent to passe away the time with some pleasant parle, thinking this the fittest meanes to driue away idle fancies, hoping that bothe loue would be some cold, that the greatest baun was but a blaze, & that the most violent stozme was euer least permanent.

Well, to see how Loue and Fortune can play false when they list, I was not so drowned in desires towarde Doralicia, as poore Myrania burned with affectiõ towarde me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman by her wilfull contrarieties, so fiered her fancies with y^e forme of my feature, as the poore Ladie was perplexed with a thousand sundrie passions, one while she sought with hate to rase out loue, but that was with the Deere to feede against the wind: another while she deuised which way to obtaine her desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon her head, for she saw no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Driuen thus into sundry dumpes, she fell at last into these termes.

Alas

of Fortune.

Alas Myrania (quoth she) happy, yea thise happy are those maides which are bozne in the Ile Meroe which in their virginitie are suffered to see none but him whom they shall marry, and being wiues are forbidden by the law to see any man but their husband, untill they be past fif. ie. In this country Myrania beantie is bled as a naturall gift, not honozed as a supernaturall God & they loue only one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they scw their loue in ioy, and reape it in pleasure. Would God thou hadst bin bozne in this soyle, or brought bp in the same sort, so shouldst thou haue triumphed ouer beantie as a slaue, which now leadeth thee as a seruite captiue.

Unfortunate Myrania, and therfoze unfortunate because Myrania hast thou so little force to withstand fancie, as at the first alarm thou must yield to affection: canst thou not looke with Salmacis, but thou must loue? canst thou not see with Smylax but thou must sigh? canst thou not biew Narcissus with Eccho, but thou must be bowed to his beantie? Learne learne fond soyle by others mishaps to beware: for she that loueth in hast, oft times, nay alwayes repenteth at leysure. The Hippians anointing themselves with the fat of the fish Mugra passe through most furious flames without any perill. The people called Phili as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta, can be hurt with no venimous Serpentes. Telephus as he wore the counterfart of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, and thou as long as thy minde is fraught with the chaste thoughts of Diana canst neuer be fired with the haplesse flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou mayst passe through Cytheria without danger: let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsaile, and thou mayst say: Cupid, I desie thee.

Ah Myrania, things are sone promised, but not so easilie performed: it is easie to scum the victozy, but passing hard to obtaine the conquest: all can say I would overcome, but few or none returne with triumph Beantie is therfoze to be obeyed, because it is beauty, & loue to be feared of me, because

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Honored of the Gods. Dare reason abide the Ljant, when
beaurie bins the battell: can wisdom win the field when
loue is Captaine? No, no, loue is without law, and therfore
aboue all law, honored in heauen, feared in earth, and a very
terror to the infernall Ghostes.

How then vnto that Myrania, wherevnto lawlesse neces-
sitie doth bend, be not so fond as with Xerxes to bind the Oc-
cean sea in fetters: fight not with the Rascians against the
winde: seeke not with them of Scyrus to shote against the
starres: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor strue
not with Sapho against Venus for loue being a Lord, looks
to command by power, and to be obeyed by force.

Trueth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easie, and per-
haps good, but to like wel is hard & a doubtfull chance: sancte
thy fil (fond soule) so thou bend not thy affection to thy fathers
foe: for to loue him who seeks his life, is to war against na-
ture and Fortune. Is there none worthe to be thy heere
but Arbalto, the cursed enemy of thy countrey: can none
win thy good will but the bloodie wretch, who seeketh to breed
thy fathers bane? Can the Eagle & the bird Osiphage build
in one tree: will the faulcon and the dove couet to sit on one
perch: will the Ape & the Beare be tyed in one fetter: will
the fore and the lambe lye in one den: no they want reason,
and yet nature suffers them not to liue against nature: wilt
thou then be so wilful or witlesse, as hauing reason to guide
nature, yet to be moze unnaturall then unreasonable crea-
tures: be sure if thou fall in this, thou strivest against y gods,
and in striving with them, looke for a most sharpe revenge.

Alth I know this, but hath not loue set downe his sentence,
and shall I appeale fro his censure: shall I deny that which
the destinies haue decreed: no, for though Cydippa rebelled
for a tyme, yet she was forst at last to make sute to Venus for
a pardon, & I may seek to hate Arbalto, but neuer find where
to begin to dislike him. And with that, such fierie passions op-
pressed her, as she was faine to send forth scalding sighes
somewhat to ease her enflamed fancie, which being so comfort-
ly

of Fortune.

lie sobbed forth, she had begun a fresh to peure forth her pitifull complaints, if her sister Doralicia being accompanied with other Gentlewomen had not drinen her out of these dumps, whom she no sooner spied, but leaning her passions, she wared pleasant, covering care with coceits, and a mourning hart with a merry countenance, least her sorrowful looks might giue the company occasion to coniecture somewhat was amisse. But I alas which felt the furious flames of fancie to boile incessantly within my breast, could not so cunningly dissemble my passions, but all my Peeres saw I was perplexed; for whereas befoze this sudden chaunce, Pelorus mis-fortune procured my mirth, now the foile which I reaped by affectio draue me to a deeper misery. In the day (to the increasing of my care) I spent the time in solitarie dumps, in the night affected thoughts and visions suffered me scarce to slumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the mind, than in lone to line without hope, which doubt was y summe of my endlesse sorrow. y in seeing my selfe fettered, I could see no hope at all of my freedom: yet to mitigate my miserie, I thought to walke from the Campe toward the Citie, that I might at the least seee my eye with the sight of the place wherein the distressed of my hart was harboured, taking with me onely for companie a Duke of my Countrey called Egerio, vnto whom I durst best commit my secreet affaires, who noting my vnaccustomed passions, coniecturing the cause of my care by the outward effects, coueting carefully to apply a saluo to my soze, & to drine me from such drowlic thoughts, wakened me from my dumps with this pleasant deuise.

Sir (quoth he) I have often marvelled, & yet cannot cease to mune at the madnesse of those men, who the common people thinke to honour with the glorious title of lovers, who where rashly they purchase their own mishap in placing their affection where either their disabilitie or the belmines denie successe to their suites, do either passe their daies in endlesse dolor, or pzeēt misery by vntimely death. If these passionat

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patients listned a litle to Venus allurments, as I to Cupids flatteries, few mē should hane cause to call the Gods vniust, or women cruell. for I thinke of loue as Mylciades the Athe- nian did, who was wont to say, that of all the plagues wher- with the Gods did afflict mortall mē, loue was the greatest, in that they sought that as an heauenly blisse, which at last they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunningly & couertly to touch me at the quicke, thought to dally with him in this wise.

Why Egerio (quoth I) doest thou count it a madnesse to loue, or doest thou thinke him rash which yeeldeth vnto af- fection: knowest thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and that he enioyneth by destinie & cannot be resisted? I am not of that minde with Mylciades, that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is saoured of the Gods that is a happie lover.

Trueth (quoth he) but who is happie in loue? he that hath the happiest successe: no: for I coult him most vnhappy which in loue is most happie.

Why then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkest him vnhappy in that he loueth.

Or els may it please your highnesse, quoth he, I should thinke amisse: for shall I count him fortunat which for one dram of prosperitie reapeth a whole pound of misery: or shall I esteeme that lover happy, whose greatest gaine is but gol- den grieve: nay that is neuer to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that good luck whose guerdō is losse.

With Egerio (quoth I) thou doest thus broadly blasphemie against Cupid, tell me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

Because sir (quoth he) it is loue, being such a frantick frē- zie which so infecteth the mindes of men, as vnder the tast of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Scirx, for as he which was charmed by Lara, sought still to heare her en- chantment, or as the Dære after once he brouseth on y^e Ta- mariske tree, will not be driuen away till he dyeth: so our amorous lovers haue their sencelesse senses so besotted with
the

of Fortune.

the power of this lascivious God, that they count not themselves happy but in their supposed unhappinesse, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, seeking contentation in care, delight in miserie, & hunting greedily after that which alwayes bringeth endlesse harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reasons have you to confirme your censure?

Such (quoth he) as your highnesse can neither mislike nor infringe: for the first step to love is the losse of libertie, tying the minde to the will of her who either too curious, little respecteth his sute, or too coy smally regardeth his service, yet he is so blinded with the vaile of fond affection, that he counteth her sillinesse sobernesse, her vaine charmes vertuous chastitie: if she be wanton he counteth her wittie, if too familiar courteous so besotted with the drugs of dotting love, that euery fault is a vertue, & though euery string be out of tune yet the Musick cannot sound amiss: resembling Tamarantus the Painter, who shadowed the worst pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that Louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secret enchantment, were able either to keepe their fancies from being inflamed, or else to rule desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughtes, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that we had, or promising vs that we haue not. The head fraught with fancies, fiered with iealousie, troubled with both: yea so manie inconueniences waite vpon loue, as to reckon them all were infinite, and to tast but one of them intollerable, being alwayes begun with griefe, continued with sorrow & ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed with miserie: so that I conclude, that as none euer saw the Altars of Basyris without sorrow, nor banqueted with Pholus without surfetting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid and not gaine either speedy death or endlesse danger.

A was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a

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small thicket of trees, which was hard adioining to the Citie, I spied where some of the French Dames were friendly sitting about a cleere fountaine, of whom after I had taken a narrow view, easily perceiued they were three Ladies (accompanied with one Page) namely Myrania, Doralicia, and their Nurse called Madame Vecchia, which sudden sight so appalled my senses, as I had bin appointed a new Judge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing before my eyes the Mistresse of my thoughts, & the Saint vnto whom I did owe my deuotion, I began to take hart at grace, thinking that by this fit oportunitie, Ioue & Fortune began to fauour my enterprize, willing therfore not to let slip so good an occasion, I bololy paced to them, whom I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies (quoth I) the sight of your surpassing beautie so dazeled mine eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whether I should honoꝝ you as beauefully Pimphees, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dumpe, I readilie called to mind the figure of your diuine face, which being at my comming to your fathers Court, by some secret influence most surely imprinted in my fancy, I haue hitherto without any sparke of forgetfulnesse perfectly retained (feeling euer since in my hart such strange passions) an vnaccustomed deuotion to your beautie and vertues, as I would thinke the Gods and Fortune did fauour me, if either I might find occasion to manifest my affection, or liue to do you seruice.

Doralicia hearing me thus strangely to salute her, although she saw her selfe in the hands of her fathers foe: yet as nothing dismayed, with a coy countenaunce, she gaue me this crabbiish answer.

Sir (quoth she) if at the first looke ye tooke vs for Pimphees by the perfection of our diuine beautie, it seemeth vnto vs that either your women in Denmarke are verie sowle, or your sight soe blemisht since your comming into Fraunce: for we know our imperfections far vnworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when he pretended
greatest

of Fortune.

greatest mischief: Scyron entertained his guests best, & he ment to intreat them worst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when he sought to betray him: the Hiena euer saunteth at her pray: the Syrens sing when they meane to enchant: Circes is most pleasant, when she presenteth potion: and so you, in praising our beauty seek to spoyle our blond: in extolling our perfectiō, to make vs most imperfect. in wishing openlie our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your seruite you offer vs, we so much y more mislike it, for his sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inueigled with selfe loue, nor so sencelesse to coorine, but that we think he little saucurth y stems that cutteth downe the old stock, he little respecteth the twig that tendereth not the roote, & he lightly loueth the child, that deadly hateth the father, Polixena coueted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued y siege against Troy. Cressid therefore forsooke Troilus, because he warred against the Grecians, and we cannot count him our priue friend which is our open foe.

Why Madame (quoth I) did not Tarpeia fauour Tantius, though a foe vnto Rome: did not Scylla respect Mynos though he besieged Nisus?

Truth sir (quoth Myrania) but the gaines they got was perpetuall shame & endlesse discredit, for the one was flaine by the Sabynes, the other reiected by Mynos. The young faunes cannot abide to looke on the Tyger: the Halciones are no sooner hatched, but they hate the Eagle. Andromache would neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrhus, nor Dydo laugh when she saw Hierbas smile: where the partie is knowne for a professed foe, there suspicious hate ensueth of course: and fond were that person that would thinke well of him that proffereth poyson though in a golden pot.

Madame (quoth I) I know it is hard where mistrust is harboured to infer beleefe, or to procure credite where his truth is called in question: but I wish no better successe to happen to my selfe, thā in hart I do imagin to you all, swearing by the gods that I do hone your beauties and vertues

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match, that if I had won the conquest, and you were my captives, yet I would honour you as my souveraignes, and obey you as a loving subject.

But I pray God, quoth Madame Vechia, you have neuer occasion to shew vs such fauour, no: we cause to stand to your courtesie: for I doubt we should finde your glowing heate turned to a chilling cold, and your great promises to small performance.

In the meane time (and with that she tooke Myrania and Doralicia by the hands) we will leaue you to returne to the Campe, and we will repaire to the Citie, willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we finde you a friend, and not befoze.

May Madame, quoth I, not so, for construe of my meaning how you please, or accept of my company how you list, I will not be so discourteous to leaue you so slenderly guarded, as in the garde of this little Page. And with that, taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so fit opportunity, I began to Court her on this manner.

The choise is hard Madame Doralicia (quoth I) where the partie is compelled either by silence to dye with griefe, or by unfolding his mind, to liue with shame, yet so sweet is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of loue, that I am enforced to preferre an vnseemlie sute befoze an vntimelie death. Loth I am to speake, and in dispaire I am to speede: in the one shewing my self a coward, in the other weighing mine owne case. For considering what loue is, I faint. and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sith where loue commandeth, there it is folly to resist, so it is Madam, that intending to be victor, I am become a vassal, comming to conquer. I am caught a captive, seeking to bring other in, to thral, alas I haue lost mine own libertie. Your beauly beantie hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my freedome, your vertuous qualities haue subdued my minde, & onely your courtesie may free me from care, or your crueltie crosse me with calamitie. To
recount

of Fortune.

recount the sorowes I haue sustained since I first was inueigled with thy beautie, or the service I haue bowed vnto thy vertue, since thou doest count my talke, though neuer so true, but mere toys, were rather to breede in thee an admiration then a belæse. But this I added for the time, which the end shall try for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pittie of my passions, either my life shall be too short, or my miserie too long.

Doralicia hearing attentiuely my talke, oft times changed colour. as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholicke kind of hate, as she was not of a long time able to utter one word, yet at last with a face full of furie, she burst forth into these despightfull termes.

Why Arbasto (quoth she) art thou of late become frātick, or doest thou thinke me in a frenzie: hast thou beene bitten with the Serpent Amphisbena which procureth madnesse, or doest thou suppose me fraught with some lunatick fits, for thy speech makes me thinke, either thou art troubled with the one, or that thou countes me combed with the other: if this thy poysoned parle were in iest, it was too broad, weighing the case, if in earnest, too bad considering the person: for to talke of peace amidst the pikes, she weth either a coward or a counterfeit: and to sue for loue by hate, either frenzie or follie. It is a mad Hare Arbasto that will be caught with a Taber, a grædie fish that commeth to a bare hooke, a blind Goose that runneth to the ffores sermon, and she a louing soule that stoopeth to her enemies lure. No no, thinke me not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish as with Phryne to fancie Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemerus, with Scilla to loue Mynos, with carelesse Migrations so far to forget my honoꝝ, my honestie, my parents, and my country, as to loue, nay not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the least of these: for experience teacheth me, that the fairer the stone is in the Loades head, the more pestilent is the poyson in her bowels, the brighter the Serpents scales be, the

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more infectious is her breath, and the talke of an enemye, the more it is seasoned with delight, the more it saoureth of despite, cease then to seeke for loue, where thou shalt finde nothing but hate, for assure thy self, if thou didst fancie as faithfully, as thou dost flatter falsely, yet þy guerdon for thy loue should be only this, that I wil pray incessantly to the Gods, in thy life to pester thee with earthly torments, and after death to plague thee with hellish tortures.

Although these bitter blastes of Dorahicia, had bene a sufficient cooling carde to quench fond affection, yet as the water causeth the seacale to burne more cruelly, so her despitefull termes far more inflamed my desire, that I made her this frendly reply.

Alas (Madame) weigh my case with equitie: if you hate me, as I am foe to Pelorus, yet favour me as I am friend to Dorahicia. If you loth me as a conquerer of your countrier, yet pittie me as I am a captiue to your beautie. If you vouchsafe not to listen to the lure of your enemye, yet heare the passionate complaints of a perplexed lover, who leading others in triumph, yet he himselfe liueth in most haplesse seruitude.

If I haue done amisse Dorahicia, I will make amends: if I haue committed a fault, I will both requite it & recompence it: as I haue bene thy fathers foe, so I will be his faithfull friend, as I haue sought his bale, I will procure his blisse: yea, I will go against the haire in all things, so I may please thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer discourse, she cut me off in this wise.

In faith sir (quoth she) so well do I like you, that you can not more displease me, than in seeking to please me: for if I knew no other cause to hate thee, yet this would suffice, that I cannot but dislike thee: be therefore my fathers friend or his foe, like him or hate him, yet this assure thy selfe that I will neuer loue thee. And with that she flong from me in a great chafe. Reply I could not: for by this we were come
te

of Fortune.

to the gates of the Citie, where (though vnwilling) I took
my leaue of them in this sort.

I am sozie Ladies that such is my lucke, and so vnhappy
is my lot, that in offering my selfe a companion, I haue
greatly offended you with my companie: yet sith I cannot
strive against chance, I thinke my selfe happy that Fortune
hath honoured me with the fruition of your presence hoping
when time shall try my words no takes but truth, you will
at last make me amends with crying peccauit: in the meane
while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods. praying For-
tune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you
with any chip of mischance.

The thanks I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a
coy disdainfull looke of Doralicia, & a churlish vale of the old
trot Vecchia, but Myrania as one stung with the pike of
fancie, bad me farewell, with a more carteous gloze.

If sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship had
bene agreeable to the outward manner of your curtesie: we
had without robbing our memories ere this yelded you
great thanks for your companie: but sith you greet vs with
a Iudas kisse, we thinke we haue small cause to gratifie you
for your kindnesse: notwithstanding, least you should accuse
vs wholly of discourtesie, we say we thank you, whatsoeuer
we thinke, & with that, she cast on me such a louing looke, as
she seemed to play loth to depart. Well, they now returning
to the Court & I now retiring to y^e Campe, feeling my selfe
deply perplexed, yet as much as I could, dissembled my pas-
sions, willing in loue not to be counted a louer, iesting ther-
fore with Egerio, I thus began to draw him on.

How now Egerio, (quoth I) hath not the beautie of these
fayre Ladies brought you from your fond heresie? will you
not be content for blaspheming Loue, in penance to
carrie a burning faggot before Cupid? me thought your
eyes were gazing, wheresoeuer your hart was gadding:
but tell me in good troth, is not Doralicia woorthy to be lo-
ued?

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Yes sir (quoth he) if she were not Doralicia, for as she is beautifull, she is to be liked of all, but as she is Pelorus daughter, not to be desired of Arbasto, least in seeking to gain her love, he get that which he least looketh for.

Why Egerio (quoth I) what ill lucke can ensue of love, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, nor to trust without triall?

Such (quoth hee) as happened to Achilles by Pölexena, and yet he feared Priamus. But alas sir, I sigh to thinke, and I sorrow to see that reason should yield to affliction, libertie to love, freedom to fancie, that Venus should beare the target, and Mars the distaffe: that Omphale should handle the club, and Hercules the spindle: that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe be coy: that a warlike minde should yield to a little wauering beauty, and that a Prince whose prowesse could not be subdued, should by love become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio (quoth I) knowest thou not that he whom no mortall creature can controll, love can command, that no dignitie is able to resist Cupids deitie? Achilles was invulnerable, yet wounded by fancie: Hercules not to be conquered of any, yet quickly vanquished by affection: Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstand beautie. Love is not onely kindled in the eye by desire, but ingrauen in the mind by destinie, which neither reason can eschew nor wisdom repell.

The more pittie (quoth hee) for poore men, and the greater impietie in the gods, that in giuing love free libertie, they graunted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But sith Cupid will be obeyed, Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God love had either aimed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the marte.

I not willing that Egerio should bee priuie to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancie (as yet I knew not what it ment) I would vse love as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning hono₂

of Fortune.

honor it as a God, and at none-tide curse it as a deuill. Concealing thus my care, the couered sparkes burst into great flames, that comming to my Tent, I was fozt to cast my selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these wordes.

Alas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest in desire, and art cooled with disdaine: thou art bidden to the feast by loue, and art beatē with the spit by beautie. But what then, dost thou count it care which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for her hue, and staineth Diana for her chastitie? Pea but Arbasto, the more beautie she hath, the more pride, and the more vertue, the more precisenesse. None must play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer, but Phoebus: none weare Venus in a tablet but Alexander, nor none enioy Doralicia, but such an one as farre exceedeth thee in person and parentage: thou seest she hath denied thy sute, disdained thy seruice, lightly respected thy loue, & smally regarded thy liking, onely promising this, while she liues to be thy professed foe. And what then fond soule, wilt thou shrink for an Aprill shoure? knowest thou not that a deniall at the first is a graunt, and a gentle answer a flattering flout: that the more they seeme at the first to loath, the more they loue at the last. Is not Venus painted catching at the ball with her handes, which she seemeth to spurne at with her fete? Doth not the Mirre tree being belwen, yeld no sap, which not moued, beareth forth strop: and women being wooed, denie that, which of themselues they most earnestly desire.

The stone Sandrasta is not so hard, but being heat in the fire, it may be wrought: no Quozie so tough, but seasoned with Sutho, it may be ingraced, no hawke so haggard, which in time may not be called to the lure: nor no woman so wilfull, which by some meanes may not be won. Hope the best then and be bold, for Loue and Fortune careth not for colow,

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arbes.

Pay tush Arabasto, what needest thou pine thus in hap-
 lesse passions, or seeke for that with sorrow, which thou mayst
 obtaine with a small sute, raise up thy siege, grant but con-
 ditions of peace, shew but a freely countenance to Pelorus,
 and hee neither will nor dare denie thee his daughter Dora-
 licia. Do this then Arabasto, nay I will do it, and that with
 speed, for now I agree to Tullie that it is good: *Iniquissimam*
pacem iustissimo bello anteporere.

Well, being resolved vpon this point, I felt my minde
 disburthened of a thousand cares, wherewith befoze I was
 clogged, feeding my selfe with the hope of that pleasure, which
 when I enioyed should recompence my former paine.

But alas, poore Myrania could not feele one minute of
 such ease, for she vncessantely turned the stone with Sisyphus,
 rolled on the wheele with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse
 tubs with Belydes, in so much, that when she could finde no
 meanes to mitigate her malacie, she fell into these bitter
 complaints.

Oh Myrania, oh wretched wretch Myrania, how art thou
 without reason, which sufferest reason to yeeld vnto appe-
 tite, wisdom vnto sensuall will, & a free minde vnto seruile
 loue: but I perceiue when the Iuie riseth, it weatheth a-
 bout the Cline: when the Hop groweth high, it hath neede of
 a poale, and when virgins ware in yeares, they follow that
 which belongeth to their youth. Loue, loue yea but they loue
 expecting some good hap, and alas both loue and liue without
 all hope, for Arabasto is my foe, & yet if he were my friend,
 he liketh not me, he looketh onely vpon Doralia. With
 then Myrania thou art pinched, and hast none to pittie thy
 passions, dissemble thy loue though it shorten thy life: for
 better it were to dye with griefe, than liue with shame. The
 sponge is full of water, yet is not seene. The leafe of the tree
 Alpina though it be wet, looketh alwayes dry, and a wise
 louer, be she neuer so much tormented, behaueth herselfe, as
 though

of Fortune.

though she were not touched. Yea, but fire cannot be hidden in the flaxe without smoake, nor Muske in the bosome without smell, nor lone in the bzeast without suspicion. Why then seeke some meane to manifest thy lone to Arbasto: for as the stone Draconites can by no meanes be polished, vnlesse the Lapidarie burne it, so thy minde can by no medicine be cured, vnlesse Arbasto ease it: alas Arbasto, sweet Arbasto. And with that she fetcht such a groaning sigh, that one of her maydes came into the chamber, who by her pzeence putting her from her passions, sate so long by, till tyred with dzoous thoughts she fell into a slumber.

Fortune frowning thus vpon her (as I supposed) and fawning vpo me, I set my fote on the fairest sands, although at last I found the most fickle, thinking I must needes tread the measures right, when Fortune piped the daunce, but though I thzeu at all, yet my chance was hard, for Pelorus trifling for truce, pzeteded treason: making a shew of feare, sought subillie how to ouerthrow me by deceit, saying, that in ruling of Empires there is required as great pollicie as pzoewesse, in governing an estate, close crueltie doth moze good than open clemencie: for the obtayning of a kingdome, as well mischiefe as mercie is to be practised: that better he had commit an inconuenience in bzeaking his oth, than suffer a mischiefe by keeping his promise: setting downe the staffe therefore on this secure perillorie, thus it fell out.

After two or thze dayes were passed, accompanied onely with Egerio, and a few of my garde, I went to Orleance, determining both to conclude a peace, and to demaund Doralia in marriage: where no sooner I arriued, and was entred in at the gates of the Citie, but I found Pelorus and all his me in Armes, which sight so appalled my senses, that I stood as one transfomed, fearing that which presently I found true: for Pelorus hauing his force inflamed with furious choller, commaunded his Captaines to lay hold on me, and to carrie me to close pzeison, swearing that no lesse than

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the losse of life should mitigate his sorie.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me vp in Lymbo, he went with all his Armie to the Campe, where finding my souldiers secure, as men litle doubting of such mis-fortune, he made such a monstrous & mercilesse slaughter, as of fiftie thousand he left few alieue, those which remained he plagued with all kind of slaerie, returning home with his shamelesse triumph, he commaunded y in the mids of the Citi. there should be made a great scaffold, wherupon within ten dayes I should be erecuted: these beaue and haplesse netes being come to mine eares, such sorrowfull passions perplexed my mind, as after floods of brinish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes.

Oh infortunate Arbasto (quoth I) and therefore the more infortunate, because Arbasto, art thou not worthy of this mishap, which wilfully sought thine owne miserie: canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst striue against the Gods: canst thou condemne Fortune, which hath warred against nature, & Fortune? No no, in suffering reason to yield vnto appetite, wisdom vnto will, and wit vnto affection, thou hast procured thine owne death, and thy souldiers destruction. Howe, yea looe it is that hath procured thy losse, beaue, tie that hath bred thy bale: fancie hath giuen thee the soyle, and thine owne witlesse will that hath wrought thy woe: the more is thy payne, and the lesse thou art to be pittied: was there none to like but Dorahicia? none to chouse but thy foe? none to looe but thine enemy: Oh vile wretch fraught with carelesse follie.

And with that, as I was ready to exclaime against my curst destinie, I heard the prison doore open, where I saw presently to enter Myrania, Dorahicia, & Madame Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumps, began to smile at my dolour, and to laugh at my mishap, which wilfullie thrust my self into such miserie, thinking therefore to aggravate my griefe by rubbing a fresh my sore, Dorahicia began to

of Fortune.

to gall me on this test.

Hearing Arbasto (quoth she) that you were come to p. o. secute your snte, playing the good Captaine, that for the first foyle giueth not ouer the field, I thought good to giue you a smiling looke in recompence of your flattering loue, least if I should not be so curteous to so kind a Gentleman the world should account me ingratefull.

It is truth sister (quoth Myrania) it seemes he is a passing amorous loucr: but it is pittie, he hath very ill luck: he chooseth his chaffer well, but yet is an vnskillfull chapman, for if he buy at such an vnreasonable rate, he is like (tell how he can) to liue by the losse.

Lush (quoth Madame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking bloud out of the Elephant, killeth him and with the same poysoneth her selfe: so Arbasto seeking to betray others, is himselfe take in the trap: a iust reward for so vniust dealing, and a fit reuenge for so rechelesse an enemye.

And yet (quoth Deralicia) his purpose hath taken small place: for whatsoeuer his mind was, his malice hath wanted might, wherein he resemblcth the Serpent Porphirius, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse hurteth none but himselfe. Surely whatsoeuer his chance be, he hath made a very good choice: for he preferreth sweet loue befoze bitter death, & the hope of euerlasting fame befoze the feare of momentarie misfortune: he shall now for his constancie be canonized in Denmarke for a saint, and his subjects may boast & say, that Arbasto our king died for loue.

Egerio seeing that extremitie of griefe would not suffer me to vtter one word - not able any longer to abide these frumpes, crost her with this chollerick reply.

Gentlewoman (quoth he) although I so terme you, rather to shew mine own curtesie, than to decipher your conditions, it seemeth Nature hath taught you very few manners, or nature afforded very small modestie, that seeing one in distresse, you should laugh at his dolor, and where the partie is crossed

with mishap, you would with bitter taunts increase his miserie: if he be your foe, he hath now the soile, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father be without pittie, yet in that you are a woman be not without pittie. Hate him if you please as he is your enemy, but despise him not as he is Arbasto, a king, and your haplesse lover: we are captiues, not to a worthy conquerer, but to a wretched captiue: not vanquished by prowess, but by periorie, not by fight, but by falshood: who in our liues to thy fathers losse, woun continuall fame, and by our death to thy fathers discredite shall purchase vnto him perpetuall infamie.

Doralicia, not willing to suffer him wade any further, cut him short in this manner.

Sir (quoth she) if bragges could stand for payment, I am sure you would not dye in any mans debt: but if your prowess had beene as good as your prattle, you needed not haue daunced within so short a tedder: crauen Cocks crow lowdest: fearefull curs barke most, and a hartlesse coward hath alwayes more tongue than a haucie Captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the feare of death and danger hath driuen thy maister into a cold palse, and hath made thee either franticke, or luyaticke, the one by losing his melancholie, the other by wrapping his heart in a shell: willing therefore as a friend you should passe ouer your passions with more patience, we will leaue you as we found you, vnlesse you meane to be shynen, and then I will send you a ghostly father.

Our confession good mistresse (quoth Egerio) requires but a small shift: for we haue verie little to say, but that Arbasto repents that euer he loued such a peruerse minion, and that euer I trusted such a periured traytor.

The Gentlewomen take this for a farewell, passing merrilie to the Pallace, and leauing vs sitting sorrowfully in prison, bewayling our mishap with teares, and exclaiming against Fortune with bitter curses, what our complaints were, it little anaieth to rehearse: for it would but driue thee
into

of Fortune.

into dumps, and redouble my dolour. Suffise this that we were so long tormented with care, that at last we were past cure, counting this our greatest calamitie, that living, every houre we looke to dye.

Well, as thus we were drowned in distresse: so poore Myrania had her minde doubtfully perplexed. Nature claymed by due to have the preheminance, and loue sought by force to winne the supremacie. Nature brought in Pelorus aged haires to make the challenge, and Love presented Arbastoes sweet sweet face to be the Champion: tossed thus with two contrary tempestes, at last we began thus to plead with her passions.

Abthysie infortunate Myrania, what strange fits be these that burne thee with heate, and yet thou shakest with cold: the body in a shivering sweat and in a flaming Ice, melting like ware, and yet as hard as the Adamant: is it loue? then would it were death: so likelier it is thou shalt lose thy life than win thy loue.

Oh haplesse Arbasto, would to God thy vertues were lesse than thy beautie, or my vertues greater than my affections: so should I either quickly free my selfe from fancie, or be lesse subiect vnto follie.

But alas I feele in my minde fierce skirmishes betwixen reason and appetite, lone and wisdom, danger and desire, the one perswaded her to hate Arbasto as a foe, & other constrained her to loue him as friend: If I consent to the first, I end my dayes with death, if to the last, I shall lead my life with infamie. What shall I then do? Oh Myrania, either swallow the iuyce of Mandrake, which may cast thee into a dead sleepe, or chew the herbe Carysum, which may cause thee to hate every thing, so either shalt thou die in thy slumber, or dislike Arbasto by thy potion.

With poore wench, what follies be these? wilt thou with the Wolfe barke at the Moone, or with the yong Orphens pecke against the Harres? Dost thou thinke to quench fire

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With a sword: or with affection to moys' life loue?

No no, if thou be wise, suffer not the grasse to be cut from under thy foete, Strike while the yron is hote, make thy market while the chaffer is to sale.

Now Arbasso is thine own, now thou mayst win him by loue, and weare him by law: thou mayst free him from miserie without thy fathers mishap: thou mayest saue his life without thy fathers losse: thou mayest grant thy good will vnto loue, and yet not falsifie thy faith vnto nature.

Can Arbasso which is so curteous, become so cruell. but he will requite thy loue with loyaltye, thy faithfull fancie with vnfained affection?

No no: he will and must loue thee of force, since thou hast granted him his life of freewill: hee will like thee in thy youth, and honour thee in thine age: he will be the porte of prosperitie wherein thou mayst rest, and the haven of happinesse, wherein thou mayst harbour without harme: so that thou mayst say of him as Andromache said by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania yet looke befoze thou leape, and learne by other mens harmes to beware, Ariadne loued Theseus, freed him from the monstrous Mynotaure, taught him to passe the Laberinth, yea forsooke Parents and Countrey for his cause, and yet the guerdon he gaue her for her good will, was to leaue her a desolate wretch in a deserte wilderness.

Medea saued Iason from the daunger of the Dragons, and yet she found him trothlesse: Phillis harboured Demiphoon, and Dido Aeneas yet both repayed their loue with hate.

Thus the fairest floure hath not the best sent: the Lapidaries chouse not the stone by the outward colour, but by the secreete vertue: Paris was faire, yet false: Thiestes was beautifull, but deceitfull: Vulcan was carued in white Iuozle, yet a Smith.

The precious stones of Mansaulous sepulcher could not make the dead carcasle sweet. Beautie Myrania is not alwayes

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wayes accompanied with vertue, honestie and constancie: but oftentimes fraught with vice, and perurie. What then: if some were Traytors, shall Arbaslo be trothlesse: if some were false, shall he be faithlesse: no, his beautie and vertue hath won me: and he himselfe shall weare me: I will forsake Father, friends and countrey for his cause: yea I will venture lim and life to free him from danger, in despite of froward Fortune and the destinies.

Myrania being thus resolute in her opinion, began to cast beyond the Rhone, and to frame a thousand deuises in her head to bring her purpose to passe, fearing euery shadow, doubting euery wind, stumbling at the least straw, yet at the last pricked forward by fancie, she thought to preuent all cause of feare in this wise.

The euening befoze she meant to atchieue her enterprize, she secretly sent for the Jaylor by one of her maids, to whom she durst commit her secret affaires, who beeing taught by her mistresse to play her part cunningly, brought the Jaylor into Myranias chamber by a posterne gate, so that they were neither scene nor suspected of any: where he no sooner came, but he was courteously entertained of the yong Ladie, who faining that she had to debate with him of waighy affaires, called him into her closet, where treading vpon a false board, he fell vpon the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but that he there ended his life.

Myrania hauing desperately atchieued this deed, she straight sought not to rob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of his keyes, which after she had gotten, and conueied his carcasse into a secret place, she went in her night gowne accompanied onely with her maid to the prison.

Arbaslo and Egerio hearing the doores open at such an vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture, that Pelorus sought to murder the secretly, least his owne people should accuse him of crueltie: but as they looked to haue scene the Jaylor, they spied Myrania in her night gowne: which sud.

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daine and vnlooked for sight so appalled their senses, as they were driuen into a maze till Myrania wakened them from their dumps with this sugred harmonie.

I perceiue Arbasto (quoth she) that my presence doth make thee to mize, and my suddaine arriuall hath driuen thee into a maze what strange wind should land me in this coast. In truth thou maist thinke either my message is great, or my modestie little, either that I take small care of my selfe, or repose verie great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any garde come to a stranger, a captiue, yea and my fathers fatall foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not for it: but with necessitie hath no law, I thinke I haue the lesse broken the law. But to leaue off these needlesse preambles where delay breeds no lesse daunger then death: know this Arbasto, that since thy first arriuall at my fathers Court, my eyes haue bin so dazzled with the beames of thy beautie, and my minde so snared with the vields of thy vertues, as thou onely art the man who in hart I loue and like: seeing thee therefore drowned here by aduerse fortune in most haplesse distresse, willing to manifest the loyaltie of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes, I haue rather chosen to hazard both my life and honour, than not to offer thee peace if thou wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my father hath wrought thy woe, I will worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy bale, I will procure thy blisse: from penurie I will set thee in prosperitie. I will free thee from prison, from jaunger, yea from death it selfe, I will in yeelding to loue, dissent from nature to leaue my father, friends, and countrey, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches, which might seeme to saour either of flatterie or deceit: as thou art the first vnto whom I haue bowed my loue, so thou shalt be the last, requiring no meed for my merite, nor no other guerdon for my good will, but that thou wilt take me to thy wife, and in pledge of my truth, see here the keyes, and all other things prouided for our speedie passage.

Myrania

Of Fortune.

Myriania had no sooner uttered these words, but my mind was so ravished, as I was d̄riuen into an extasie for ioy, seeing that the terrour of my death was taken away with the hope of life, that from heaviness I should be restored to happiness, and from most carefull miserie, to most secure felicitie I therefore framed her this answer.

Ah Myrania, the purest Emeraloe shineth brightest when it hath no Dyle, and truth delighteth when it is apparelled worst. Flatter I will not, faithfull I must be, willed from the one by conscience, and d̄riuen to the other by your courtesie, which by how much the lesse I haue merited it by deserte, by so much the more I am bound to requite it by d̄uetie. To decipher in coloured discourses and to paint out with curious shadowes, how humblie I accept of your offer, and how greatly I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods, for blessing me with such an happy chaunce, what my loyaltie and truth shall be, were but to proue that which your Ladiship hoping of my constancie hath not put in question. The guerdon you craue for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forced me to it by cōstraint, yet your beautie & vertues are so great, as fancie would haue compelled me by consent. Myrania, what thou canst wish in a true and trustie Louer, I promise to performe, swearing vnto thee, that the floods shall flow against their streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea my carcasse shall be consumed vnto dust and ashes, before my mind shall be found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witness, of whom I desire no longer to liue, than I meane simplie to loue.

Oh Arbasto (quoth I) would God I had neuer scene thee, or that I may find thy workes according to thy words, otherwise shall I haue cause to wish I had beene more cruelle or lesse courteous. But loue will not let me doubt the worst but bids me hope the best: yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who more faithfull? when Theseus feared the Laberinth, who more loyall? when Demo-

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phon suffered shipwacke, who more louing: but I will not say what I thinke Arbasto, because thou shalt not suspect I feare.

Madame (quoth Egerio) Arbasto is my soueraigne, and I both honour and feare him as a subiect, yet if he should but once in hart thinke to be disloyall to Myrania the Gods confound me with all earthly plagues, if I would not of a true friend, become his mortall foe.

It is easie to perswade her Egerio (quoth she) who already is most willing to beleue, let vs leaue therefore these needlesse proteſtations and go to the purpose. Delay breeds danger, time carrieth no man, speed in necessitie is the best spurre, let vs haſt herefore till we get ſoorth of Fraunce, least if we be pꝛeuented, it breed my mishap and your ſhall miserie.

Upon this we ſtayed not, but shutting the priſon cloſe, got couerly out of the Citie, paſſing through Fraunce with many fearefull perils, which to rehearſe, were either needlesse or bootlesse: ſuffiſe this, we at laſt happily arrived at Demarke, where how I was welcommed home with triumphes, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed after he knew of our happie departure, though (God wot) moſt haplesse vnto him, I referre to thy good conſideration to coniecture. The old father fretted not ſo faſt in his melancholie, but Dorahia chafed as much in her choller, blaſpheming bitterly both againſt me and her ſiſter Myrania: but as wordes breake no bones ſo we cared the leſſe for her ſcolding, fearing not the ~~consequence~~ the pꝛeece as long as we were without danger of the ſhot. Well, leauing them to their dumps, to vs againe which ſlotted in delight. Fickle Fortune hauing now boyled vs vp to the top of her inconstant whorle, ſeeing how carelesse I ſlumbered in the cradle of ſecuritie, thought to make me a verie mirrour of her mutabilitie, ſo she began a freſh to turne my tyyppet on this wiſe.

As

Of Fortune.

As daily I flattered Myrania, for fancie her I could not, promising with speed to call a Parliament for the confirmation of the marriage, I still felt the stumps of the old love I bare Doralicia to sticke in my stomacke, the more closely I roured the sparkes, the more the flame burst forth, I found absence to increase affectio, not to decrease fancie: in the day my mind doted of her vertues, in the night I dreamed of her beautie: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with so fresh amytados, as by distance my distresse was far more augmented, such sighes, such sobes, such thoughts such paines and passions perplexed me, as I felt the last assault worse than the former batterie. If I loved Doralicia in Fraunce, I now liked her thuse better being in Denmark. If in presence her person pleased me, now in absence her perfection more contented me. To conclude, I sware to my selfe with a sollemne sigh. Doralicia was, is, & shall be the mistresse of my hart in despite of the froward destinies: yet amazed at mine owne follie, I began thus to muse with my selfe.

O foolish Arballo, nay rather frantick fondling, hast thou lesse reason then vnreasonable creatures: the Tyger fleeth the traine, the Lyon escheweth the nets, the Deere avoideth the coyles, because they are taken with these instruments, and art thou so mad, as hauing escaped pikes, wilt surely to thrust thy selfe into perill? The child being burnt hateth the fire, but thou bring an old sole, wilt with y^e wo^mne Naphicia no sooner come out of the coales, but thou wilt leape into the flame. But alas what then: I see the measure of loue is to haue no meane, and the end to be everlasting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happie in loue incident to few: why, shall I be so mad to loue Doralicia or so fraught with ingratefull periurie, as not to like Myrania? the one hath crossed me with bitter, girds, the other courted me with sweet glaunces. Doralicia hath rewarded me with disdain, Myrania intreated me with desire, the one hath saved my life, the other sought my death. O Arballo thou seest the best,

If

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but I feare like to follow the worst. Alas I cannot but loue Doralicia, what then? what resteth for me to do, but to dye with patience, seeing I cannot live with pleasure: yea Arbasto, dye dye rather with a secret scar, than an open scozne, for thou mayst well sue, but neuer shalt thou haue good successe. And yet Lions salueth whom they are clawed: the most cruell Tygers stoop when they are tickled: and Women though neuer so obstinate, yeeld whē they are courted. There is no Pearle so hard, but vineger breaketh: no Diamond so stonie, but bloud mollifieth, no hart so stiffe, but loue weakeneth: what though Doralicia sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will giue thee life: though at the first she cast thee a stone, she will now throw thee an Apple. Why then Arbasto assault her once againe with a fresh charge, seeke to get that by Letters which thou couldest not gaine by talke, for one line is of more force to perswade, then a moneths, parole, for in writing, thou mayst so set down thy passions, & her perfections, as she shall haue cause to thinke well of thee, and better of her selfe, but yet so warilie, as it shall be hard for her to iudge whether thy loue be more faithfull, or her beantie amiable. I haue thus determined with my selfe, though as couertly as I could to conceale my affaires, least either Myrania or Egerio should spie my halting, conueying therfore my affaires as cunningly as I could, I priuily sent an Embassadour to Pelorus, to intreat for a contract between vs, and also to craue his daughter Doralicia in mariage, promising to send him Myrania safe vpon this consent, & with all, I framed a Letter to Doralicia to this effect.

Arbasto, to the fairest Doralicia, health.

Such and so extreame are the passions of loue (Doralicia) that the more they are quenched by disdain, the greater flames is increased by desire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after loue, like to the stone Tapozon, which being once kindled, burneth most vehemētly.

of Fortune.

ly in the water. I speake this (the greater is my griefe) by
proue and experience, for hauing my hart scorched with the
beames of thy beautie, and my mind inflamed with thy sin-
gular vertue, neither can thy bitter lookes abate my loue,
nor thy extreame discourtesie diminish my affection. No
Doralicia, I am not he that wil leaue the sweet Englantine
because it pricketh my finger, and refuse the gold in the fire
because it burnt my hand, for the minde of a faithfull louer
is neither to be daunted with despight, nor affrighted with
danger: but as the Loadstone, what wind soeuer doth blow,
turneth alwayes to the North, so the loue of Arbasto is e-
uermore bent to the beautie and vertue of Doralicia, what-
soeuer mis-fortune happeneth. Yea, it saith with me as
with the herbe Basill, the which the more it is crushed, the
sooner it springeth, or the pure spice, which the more it is
pounded, the sweeter it smelleth, or the Camomill, which the
more it is troden with the fete, the more it flourisheth, so in
these extremities, beaten down to the ground with disdain,
yet my loue reacheth to the top of the house with hope. With
then Doralicia, thy beautie hath made the soze, let thy boun-
tie applie the salve, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie,
so let thy mercie giue the medicine, repay not my constan-
cie with crueltie, requite not my loue with hate, and my
desire with despight, least thou procure my speedie death and
thy endlesse infamie. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some re-
moze of my passions, I attend thy friendly sentence and
my satall destinie.

Thine euer, though neuer thine, Arbasto.

As soone as I had written my Letter, I dispatcht the
Messenger as speedely and priuile as might be, who within
the space of thre weekes arrived at Orleance, where deliue-
ring his Embassage to Pelorus, & my Letter to Doralicia, he
stayed for an answer the space of ten dayes, in which time,
Pelorus consulting with his Counsell, was very willing to

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granted me his daughter in marriage, but that by no meanes he could win the good will of Doralicia, seeing therefore no persuasions could preuaile, he dispatcht my messenger with deniall, and Doralicia returned me this froward answer.

Doralicia to Arbasto.

Where didst thou learne fond fole, that being forbidden to be bold, thou shouldst grow impudent? that wilted to leaue off thy sute, yet thou shouldst be importunate? dost thou thinke with the spaniell by saluening when thou art beaten to make thy foe thy friend? no, let others i come of thee what they list, I will count thee a cur. Dost thou thinke I will be drawn by thy counterfeit conceits, as the straw by the Jet, or as the gold by the minerall Chrysocolle? no no, if thou seekest to obtaine fauour at my hands, thou dost strive to wring water out of the Adummice, and dost worke the meanes to increase thine own shame & seueritie: for as by instinct of nature there is a secret hate betweene the Vine & the Cabbish, betweene the Bore and the Wood, & betweene the rion & the Theamides, so in my mind I feele a secret grudge betwene Arbasto & Doralicia: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer get, & take this both for a warning and an answer, and if thou perseute thy sute, thou dost but perseute thy self, for I am neither to be wooed with thy passions whilest thou liuest, nor to repēt me of my rigor when thou art dead. For this I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him, whose sight (if I may say with modestie) is more bitter vnto me than death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death if it could be
thy foe, Doralicia.

After

of Fortune.

After that the Messenger was returned to Denmarke, and that I had receaued and reade the Letter, such sundry thoughts assailed me, that I became almost frantick: feare, dispaire, grieffe, hate, choller, wrath, desire of reuenge, and what not, so tormented my minde, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to rayling at Doralicia, and to cursing of all womankind, conceiuing such an extreame hate against her, as befoze I loued her not so hartly, as now I loathed her hatefully, counting my selfe an vngrate wretch toward Myrania, and calling to minde her beautie & vertue, her bounty and curtesie, I fell moze deeply in loue with her thā euer with Doralicia, so that I could not spare one glance from gazing vpon her person, nor draw my minde frō musing on her perfection. A suddaine change, but alas a sorrowfull chance.

For Myrania seeing me souled in these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without casting any water, to coniecture my disease, and to shoot at that which indeed she hit without any great ayne. But as loue is most suspicious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of Doralicia was not blotted out of my mind, searching therfoze narrowly what she could either heare or learne of my secrets, at last she found out that which wrought her finall mishap, and my fatall miserie. For by lucklesse chance, leauing the doore of my closet open, Myrania thinking to finde me at my Pipes, stumbled on the copie of my Letter, which I sent vnto Doralicia and vpon the answer which I receiued from that ruthless Minion, which after she had reade, perceiuing how traitterously I had requited her loue with hate, she coniected herself couertly into her Chamber, where, after she had almost dimmed her sight with floods of teares, & burst her hart with blowing sighs, she fell into these complaints.

Wifortunate Myrania, Whaples Myrania yea, O thise accursed Myrania, whom Fortune by spight seeketh to soyle, whom the deuines by fate are appointed to plague, & whom the Gods by iudice will & must most cruelly reuenge. Thou

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hast bin a paricide to thy father, in seeking to destroy him by thy disobedience: thou art a traytoꝝ to thy countrey, in saving the enemy of the common wealth, and thou art a foe to nature, in loving disloyall Arbasto: and can the Gods but plague these monstrous iniuries? no no Myrania, thou hast deserved moze mishap then either Fortune cā oꝝ wil afford thee. Ah cruell and accursed Arbasto, I see now that it fareth with thee as with the Panther, which hauing made one astonished with his faire sight, seeketh to deuoure him with bloodie pursute, and with me poꝝe wench, as it doth with them that view the Basiliske, whose eyes procure delight to the loꝝer at the first glimpse, but death at the second glance. Alas, was there none to like but thy foe? none to loue but Arbasto? none to fancie but a periured Dane? none to match with but a flattering mate. Now hath thy lawlesse loue gained a lucklesse end: now thou triest by experience, that the tree Alpina is smooth to be touched, but bitter to be tasted: that the fairest Serpent is most infectious, the finest colour soonest stained, the clearest glasse most brittle, and that louers, though they beare a delicate shew, yet they haue a deceitfull substance: that if they haue honie in their mouths, yet they haue gall in their harts: the moze is the pittie, in thee to trust without triall and the greater impietie foꝝ him to be a traytoꝝ, being so well trusted.

Is this the curtesie of Denmarke towards friends, to intreate them so despightfully: is my good will not only reiected without cause, but also disdained without colour: Alas what shall I do to this extremitie, being a forlorne wretch in a foraine countrey: which way shall I turne me, of whō shall I seeke remedie? Pelorus will reiect me, & why should he not? Arbasto hath reiected me, and why should he? the one I haue offended with too much griefe, the other I haue serued with too great good will: the one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not foꝝ him: Arbasto because I cared foꝝ him but alas too much. And with that she fetch such a sigh, as witnessed a heart pained with
most

of Fortune.

most intollerable passions , yea care and griefe so fiercely & freshly assaulted her, as she fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While she thus pined away with griefe , I thought to search out her soze, but I could not perceane the cause of her sorrow, onely I did coniecture this, that she doubted my Nobles would not consent to our mariage: to rid her therefore of this care. I presently called a Parliamēt, where without any great controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania , it no whit decreased her dolor, but did rather farre the more augment her distresse, which made Egerio to muse , & draue me into a great maze: so that accompanied with my Nobles , I went to comfort her, & to carrie her newes, & if that she could but come into the Chamber of presence , she should there be crowned Quēene. But alas, when I came and saw her so altered in one weeke , wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost than a living creature, I began thus to comfort her.

Ah Myrania (quoth I) more loued of me then mine owne life and more deere vnto me than my selfe , would God I might be plagued with all earthly diseases , so I might see thee free from distresse: how can Arbalto be without sorrow to see Myrania oppressed with sicknesse: how can he but sinke in calamitie to see her but once toucht with care: alas unfold vnto me thy soze, and I will apply the salve, make me priuy to thy maladie , and I will procure a medicine: If want of wealth worke thy woe, thou hast the kingdom of Denmark to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast such a friend of thy lōing spouse Arbalto, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolve our loue.

I had no sooner uttered this word , but Myrania as one possessed with some hellish furie, start vp in her bed with staring lookes and wrathfull countenance, seeming by her raging gestures to be in a frenzie: but being kept downe by her Ladies, she roared out these hatefull curses.

O vile wretches (quoth she) wil you not suffer me in my life

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to reuenge my selfe on that periured traytoꝝ Arbasto, yet shall you not denie me but after death my ghost shal torment him with gastly visions. O thise accursed caitife doest thou seeme to helpe me with thy scabbard, and secretlie hurt me with thy sword: doest thou offer me hony openly, and priuily present me with gall? doest thou say thou wilt cure me with loue, when thou seekest to kill me with hate? haue I redeemed thee from mishap, and wilt thou requite me with miserie? was I the meanes to saue thy life, and wilt thou without cause procure my death? haue I forsaken my countrey, betrayed my father, and yet wilt thou kill me with discurtellie? O haplesse Myrania, could not Medeas mishap haue made thee beware? could not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take heed? could not Phillis misfortune haue feared thee from the like follie: but thou must like and loue a stragling stranger? Aye me that repentance should euer come too late: for now I sigh and sorrow, but had I wist comes out of time: follie is sooner remembꝛed than redꝛessed, & time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I see it is a practise in men to haue as little care of their owne othes, as of their Ladies honoꝝs, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oth he sware to Iuno, diddest thou not false Arbasto protest with sollemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania should be alwayes loyal. and hast thou not since sent and sued secretly to win the good will of Doralicia? diddest thou not sweare to take me to thy mate, and hast thou not since sought to contract with her a new match? thou didst promise to be true vnto me, but hast proued trustie vnto her: what should I say thou hast presented her with pleasant drinckes, and poisoned me with bitter potions, the more is my penurie, & the greater is thy perurie. But vile wretch, doest thou thinke this thy villanie shall be vnreuenged. No no Egerio, I hope the Gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworne it, and I feare not but thou wilt perfoꝛme it. And that thou maist know I exclaime not without cause, see
here

of Fortune.

here the Letters which haue passed betwene this false tray-
toz and Doralicia.

The sight of these Letters so galled my guiltie conscience,
as I stood as one astonished, not knowing what to do, excuse
my selfe I could not, confirme my loue I durst not, yet at
last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping her hand in
mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if she had not preuen-
ted me with these iniurious speeches.

Clære thy selfe trayterous Arbasto thou canst not, per-
swade me thou shalt not, forgive thee I will not, cease there-
fore to speake, for in none of these thou shalt speede. Egerio,
I saved thy life, then reuenge my death, and so content I die,
yet onely discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Ar-
basto so long as I loved him.

And with that turning vpon her left side, with a gasping
sigh she gaue vp the ghost: which sight dzane me into such a
desperat mind, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden me,
I had sent my soule with hers to the grane. But being ca-
ried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine dayes oppzessed
with such sorow, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing and
accusing my selfe of ingratitude, of periurie, and of most de-
spightful disloyalty, I lay perplexed with incessant passions.

Well, this heauie and haplesse newes being noysed in
France, Pelorus taking the death of his daughter to heart,
in short time died, leauing Doralicia the onely inheritour of
his kingdom.

But yet see how Fortune framed vp this tragedie, who
meant to cast Doralicia from most happie felicitie, to most
haplesse miserie: for she seeing that no sinister chance could
change my affection, that neither the length of time, nor the
distance of place, the spight of Fortune, the feare of death,
nor her most cruell discourtesie, could diminish my loue: mu-
sing I lay on this my inuiolable constancie, Cupid meaning
to reuenge, seeing her now at disconert, dzewe home to the

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head, and strooke her so deepe at the hart, as in despight of Vesta she bailed bonnet, and giuing ground sobbed forth secretly to herselfe these wordes: Alas I loue Arbasto, and none but Arbasto.

Venus seeing that her boy had so well plaid the man, began to triumph ouer Doralicia, who now was in her dumps, struiuing as yet betwene loue and hate, till fancie set in her foote, and then she yielded by the bulwark in these peaceable termes.

Why how now Doralicia (quoth she) dost thou dreame or dote? Is it follie or frenzie: melancholie or madnesse, that dzineth thee thus into dumps, and so strangely distresteth thee with dolor: what fond thoughtes, what vnacquainted passions: what stumbring imaginations are these which perpleyeth thee: dost thou now feele fire to spring out of y cold flint: beate to fry amidst the chilling frost: loue to come from hate, and desire from disdain? Dost thou fare as though thou hadst bene dzenched in the River Iellus in Phrigia: which at the first breedeth sorrow through extreame cold, but forthwith burneth the sinewes through raging heat: Hath Venus now in despight of Vesta made thee baile bonnet? the more (poore wenche) is thy mishap, and the worse is thy fortune: for loue though neuer so sweet, cannot yet be digested without a most sharpe sauce: faring like the gold that is neuer perfect till it hath past through the fornaice.

Loue Doralicia, but whom dost thou loue, Arbasto: what the man whom euen now thou diddest so deadly hate? hast thou so little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe? No no fond soles, Arbasto is thy friend, and one that honoureth thee as a Saint, and would serue thee as his soueraigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canst desire but more than thou dost deserue, who being bitterly crossed with discurtellie, could neuer be touched of inconstancie: but still remaineth like to Aristotles Quadratus, which howsoeuer it is turned alwayes standeth stedfast, Thou canst not then of
consci.

of Fortune.

conscience Doralicia but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancie with mutuall affection: he is beautiful to please the eye, vertuous to content the minde: rich to maintaine thy honoz, of birth to counteruaile thy parétage, wise, courteous, and constant, and what wouldst thou haue moze?

Pea but alas I haue reiected his seruice, and now he will not respect my sute: I haue detested him, and now he will despise me: I haue requited his good will with crueltie, and he will reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadst thou then conceale it with griefe, than reueale it to thine owne shame: for if thou aime at the white and misse the marke, thou shalt be pointed at of those that hate thee, pittied of those that loue thee, scozned at by him, & talked of by all: suffer rather then (poore Doralicia) death by silence, than derision by revealing thy secrets, for death cutteth of all care, but derision breedeth endlesse calamitie.

Wish, dost thou thinke Arballo can so harden his hart, as to hate thee, so maister his affections as to flee from fancy, y he will become so proud as to refuse thy proffer? No if thou sendest him but one line, it will moze charme him than all Circes enchantments: if thou lendest but one friendly looke, it will be moze esteemed of him than life. Why, but Doralicia? and with that she sate still as one in a trance, building castles in the aire, hanging betwene feare & hope, trust and dispatre, doubt & assurance: to rid herselfe therefore from these dumps, she tooke her Lute, whereupon she plaid this dittie.

IN time we see that siluer drops
The craggie stones make soft:
The slowest Snail in time, we see,
Doth creepe and cling aloft.

With feeble pusses the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardest hart in time doth yeeld
To Venus luring call.

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Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdain bred noysome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
What care in time not easd?
In time I loath'd that now I loue,
In both content and pleasd.

Doralicia hauing ended her dittie, layd downe her Lute,
and betooke her to her former passions, wherein she had not
long plodded, but she determined to write vnto me with as
much speed as might be, framing her Letters to this effect.

Doralicia to Arbasto
health.

WEighing with my selfe (Arbasto) that to be vniust,
is to offer iniurie to the Gods, & that without cause
to be cruell, is against all conscience: I haue thought good
to make amends for that which is amisse, and of a fained foe,
to become thy faithfull friend: for since the receipt of thy let-
ters, calling to mind the perfection of thy bodie, and perfect-
nesse of thy mind, thy beautie and vertue, thy curtesie & con-
stancie, I haue bene so snared with fancie, and fettered with
affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched me with most
happlesse passions.

If I haue bene recklesse of thy good will, I repent mee,
if ruthlesse through cruell speeches, I recant them, as one lo-
ning now that of late I loathed, and desiring that which e-
uen now I despised, which as often as I call to mind, I can
not but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my
selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to be cut befoze it be woꝛne,
the

of Fortune.

the Frankensence is to be burnt befoze it be smelt, & louers are to be tried befoze they be trusted, least, thinking like the Carbuncle, as though they had fire, yet being toucht, they proue passing colde, for the minde by triall once scowzed of mistrust, becommeth moze fit ener after to beleefe: so that Arbasto as I haue pined thee with bitter pills, I will now pamper thee with swete potions: as I haue galled thee with crueltie, I will heale thee with curtesie, yea if thy good nature can forget that which my ill tongue doth repent, or thy most constant kindnesse forgive that my vnbrideled furie did commit, I wil counteruaile my former discourtesie with ensaing constancie, I will be as readie after to take an iniurie, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt find my love and dutie such and so great, as either Doralicia can performe, or Arbasto desire. And thus committing my life and my living into your hands I attend thine answer, and rest moze thine than her owne.

Doralicia.

The Messenger by whom she sent this message, making speed to performe his Mistresse commaund, arrived within few dayes at Denmarke, where deliuering me the Letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last vnripping the seales, I perceined to what Saint Doralicia bent her deuotion, but the shew came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houering betwene loue and hate. But at the last such lothsome misliking of her former curtesie so incensed my mind, that to displease her, and to despight Fortune, I returned her speedily this hatefull answer.

To Doralicia, neither health nor
good hap.

I Receiued thy letter Doralicia, which no sooner I read with mine eye, but I threw into the fire with my hands.

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least by viewing them I should grow into great furie, or by keeping them shew thee any friendship. For we shunne the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the eyes of the Charifmes because of diseases: the eyes of the Cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrces drinckes are dreadfull charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting enchantments: should I not then eschew thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled me with the hook: yes I will, and must, least I be intrapped with thy subtiltie, or intangled with thy sorcerie. Cruelly Doralicia that once I loved thee I cannot denie, that now being free I should fall to such folly I more than bitterly refuse, for as befoze I liked thee in constant hope, so now I loath thee wth hateful contempt, comparing thy cursed nature to the herbe Basil, which both ingendereth Serpents, and killeth them, so the shew of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the triall of thy vanitie hath quenched it with hate. Hate, yea, I more then hate thee, most cruell and ingratfull monster, whose beautie I hope was giue thee of the Gods as well to procure thine owne miserie, as others mishap, which if I might liue to see, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I would thinke I did lead my haplesse life to a most happy end. Thus thou seest how I account of thy loue & accept of thy letters, esteeming the one filthie chaffer, and the other as forged charmes, and saying to them both, that proffered service stinkes. What more word I will not, to spend more time is most ill spent, therefore take this as a farewell, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue displeased, if of thy mis-fortune content, if of thy death most sorrowfull, that the Gods did not giue thee many dayes, and much distress: so wishing thee what spight either Fortune or the Fates can afford. Adieu.

Sworne thy foe till death.

Arbalto.

Doralicia hauing receiued these Letters, and read the contents, was so impatient in her passions, that she fell into a freeze, hauing nothing in her mouth but Arbalto, Arbalto,
euer

of Fortune.

eruer doubling this word with such pitifull cries & scriches, as would haue moued any but me to remorse: she continued not in this case long befoze she dyed. But I alas leading a lothsome life, was more cruelly crossed by Fortune, for Egerio, conspiring with the Peeres of my Realme, in short time by ciuill warres dispossessed me of my crowne & kingdom. Forced then to flie by mine owne Subiectes: after some trauell I arrived at this place, where considering with my selfe the fickle inconstancie of vniust Fortune, I haue euer since liued content in this Cell to despight Fortune, one while sorrowing for the mishap of Myrania, and another while ioying at the miserie of Doralicia, but alwayes smiling, that by contemning Fortune, I learne to leade her in triumph. Thus thou hast heard why in mine estate I passe my dayes content: rest therefore satisfied, that thus I haue liued, and thus I meane to dye.

FINIS.

